SWAMPGAS

The Return Of The Light

Ambivalena

Jacqueline M. Pérez

Fletch's Fullmetal Forecast
Michelle Joy Gallagher Soffe
Jake in the Desert
Ali Gillespie
Your Future Ex
DXMacGuffin
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Blackened Green
Ira

Heavy Metal Fantasy Art Story
Spring 2026

There are worlds that coincide with our own where the distinctions between light and shadow vary. The real becomes intangible, and the unknown takes form. In these pages we look at the artists and visionaries that create these worlds. We look at the hidden histories and the movement in the shadows. We look into the darkness and smile, knowing that we hold the light in the palms of our hands. In this issue we take a look at that light as it returns from the long winter.

Our featured artist is Ambivalena whose photography illustrates her inner journey through the old woods of Sweden. Jacqueline M. Perez gazes into the darkness of oaken hollows where shadows lurk and dispels the murky illusion. Ira sends us on a choose-your-own adventure and Michelle Joy Gallagher Soffe wonders what worlds lie beyond the industrial structures of our lives. BG offers a tale of goblin malice in the shadows of the enchanted forest and Ali Gillespie joins us once again with her alternate back cover and a new centerfold in honor of the magical herbs of spring.

Extreme and progressive music is the soundtrack of these other worlds and we're nothing without our recurring cast of reviewers: Fletch returns with his Fullmetal Forecast of upcoming metal releases and Jake hits us with his reviews of extreme metal albums by Vertebrae Fetish Token and Flittering. New columns by Your Future Ex and DXMacGuffin discuss noteworthy heavy and progressive albums both new and old and we take a page from 1001 Other Albums, a great music blog from our Canadian friend, Buffy Leigh, a project that reaches out across genres to find the hidden gems left behind by the undiscerning masses.

SWAMPGAS IS A JOINT EFFORT

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Amberland Begin Again

Part 1: Begin again.

Soon there'll be a flood. The three rivers swollen with snowmelt and driftwood, soon to meet and become one. You catch the scent of something familiar. Hmm… shouldn't all traces be swept away by the broom of the stream?

Do you…

jump into the swirling currents and follow the course downriver?

investigate the scent's origin down the cobblestone alley?

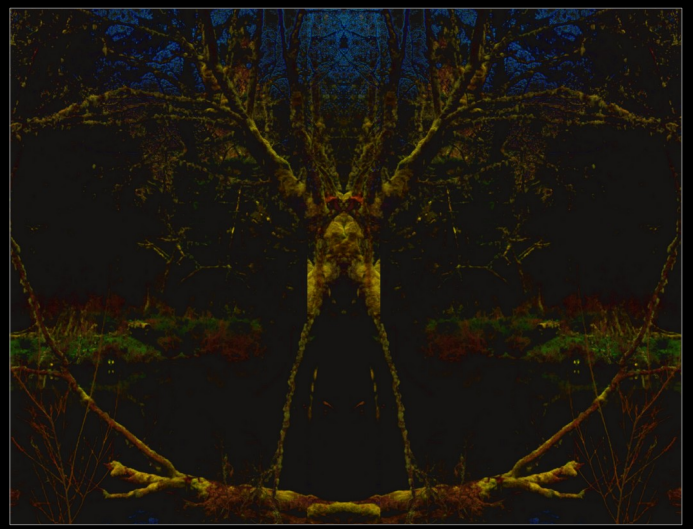
return to your core and consult the threads of memory?

pray to your gods for aid, despite their prediliction for hijinx?

A choose-your-own adventure by Ira – send your choice for how the adventure continues to the editor at cloverfoot@protonmail.com or on Mastodon @swampgas@metalhead,club

The Bonedancer
By BG

The Oracle of Undoings
By BG



Mothman
By BG

A History

Story and Photography by Jacqueline M. Pérez

Asleep. Illusion. Wretched dream. We're shuffled into forests of night, wedged inside the boles of giant oaks stuffed with horrors, embarrassments, murders of innocence. Disillusion.

There was a month of Novembers when we grew unsure whether we could remember what town we were in, what sky unfurled above us, what world was burning around us. Young but too old for a game of Ghost in the Graveyard. Older but without the wisdom to solve the labyrinth without tearing our flesh on thorns stretching from the darkest corners.

We began to wonder about ourselves and about each other. We doubted whether there would be enough time, enough money, enough energy. But there was fire. We were the fire, and we were lightning. We were tempest and the cawing of crows. We swayed to the creaking of earth beneath our feet while we bled our psyche.

Photo credit: Jacqueline M. Pérez

The hard winter spread further afield until even the old woods where the fairies and treefolk dwelled was stricken. The goblin prince gathered a small mudclothed mob and arranged a deal with the strange necromancer whom he sometimes assisted in the crypts and barrows of the enchanted forest. Their plan began in the cemetery above the fishing village. By moonlight the goblin mob exhumed the oaken coffins from the wet earth while the sorcerer performed his devilish rite. But one coffin quickly caught the goblin lord's attention, the familiar scent of the devious fisherman who had cruelly captured and taunted him the season before. "A trap for a trap!" the black-hearted creature shrieked in delight as he nailed the coffin lid tightly shut just as the necromancers spell took hold of the cemetery inhabitants.

The dead rose from their moldy coffins and followed the strange necromancer and the goblin prince into the village where they exacted a terrible price on the people while they slept. The village was burned to the ground and the goblin mob returned to their bog with enough spoil to last them through the dark winter. Meanwhile, the dead fisherman struggled mightily to free himself from his coffin but the goblin's nails held firm and he was held in deafening blackness for a great number of years with nothing but thoughts of violence and vengeance to entertain his unraveling mind. When at last his wooden prison had rotted and rusted apart enough to free himself he was no longer a son of man but a creature of the old woods and he was consumed by a single burning desire to find the goblin prince and exact a terrible revenge.

The ignoble goblin was furious and he hissed and screeched a foul bane until the man loudly admonished the squirming fiend to be quiet. He told the prisoner to calm down and there would be no violence, for he could surely kill him with one of the large knives which he used to gut fish with but he had no stomach for that sort of thing and he'd much rather let the onerous sprite go but he'd have to promise never to return. A devious yellow smile crossed the goblin's face and he gladly agreed to the man's terms, promising to reward the man for his kindness. The fisherman cautiously freed the enchanted creature and sent him on his way, glad that bloodshed had been avoided.

The fisherman was left alone after that and he was able to slowly replenish his food stores before the winter came without relying on the candied fruits that were left on the window ledge each dark and moonless night, knowing that though they were intended as a gift, a goblin's gift is never to be trusted. The winter came and the war of the quarrelsome kings grew fiercer until an even more severe strife took hold across the fields and farms than ever before. The fisherman fell terribly ill as a result and had to be tended to by his niece from the nearby village who knew nothing of goblins and gifts but knew delicious candied fruit when she saw it and wasted no time in feeding it to her ill uncle in the belief that the sweet delight would surely lift his spirit and restore him to good health. The fisherman instead fell into a deep slumber and passed away from the poisoned delight before the poor girls eyes.

Aching, we grew into a homeopathy as we stood naked under a percussive sky. We succussed a remedy for our ancient plagues. We heard the gods fall to earth, slapping the sill, syncopated, a lullaby. We executed a burglary for the waiting moon.

But last night, the sky cried like a lost loon. It paused for a few humid moments. We tapped our fingers on the nightstand to count the seconds until the thunder. Rivulets in the rain-soaked earth led us back to our dream, a dream we remembered well enough. We wrote it down in our forgotten journal, swam in its pages, swallowed the silver luminescence that poured through the window above our bed.

We'll be the only ones to read these truths. In the pink light of an early morning, there is a moment when we acknowledge where we've arrived: awake.

Photo credit: Jacqueline M. Pérez

Fletch's Fullmetal Forecast

Well last time we convened we had a new year ahead of us, full of hope, promise and riffs. Now a couple of months into 2026 there is a lot going on in the world and we need art now more than ever, especially things like punk and metal.

With that in mind let's look ahead to some of the offerings that the next couple of months has in store for us.

Infectious Pathological Waste by Cryptworm
Artwork by Skaðvaldur

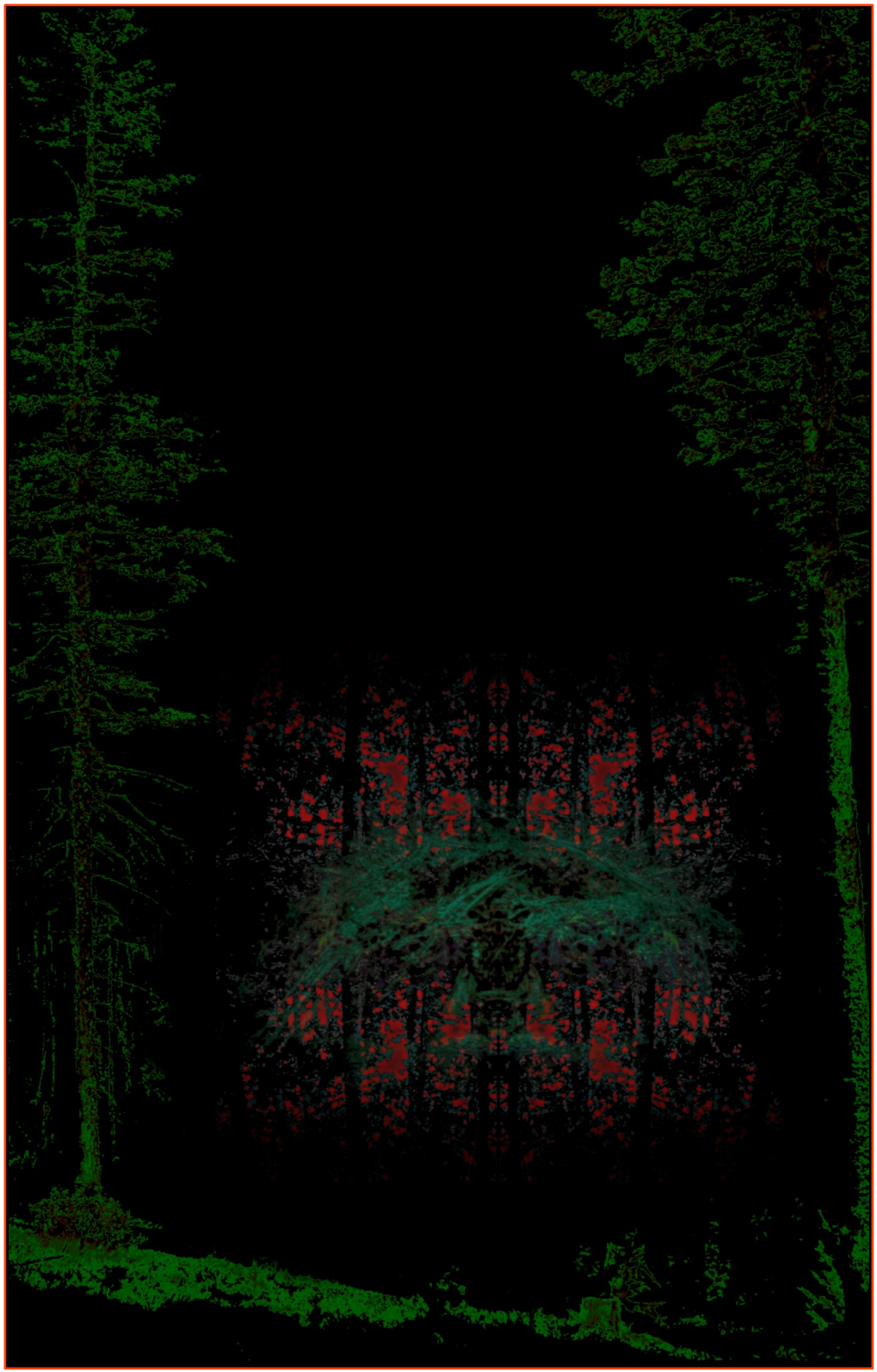
First up is an absolute rager. Releasing on Me Saco Un Ojo Records this is one to really get the party started. UK's Cryptworm have been favourites of the underground scene for a few years and with this release they're ready to claim their spot at the top table of the genre . Filthy, old school death metal with infectious grooves, the band have hit the sweet spot between complex technicality and cavernous bludgeoning. This one is not to be missed. Released 27th March.

The Fisherman and The Goblin Prince

By Blackened Green

There once was a poor fisherman who had drawn the ire of a goblin prince from the nearby forest. Each dark and moonless night throughout the summer, Gogh the goblin would raid the man's pantry, spoiling the food stores and breaking his shelves. There happened to be at that time a great strife in the land, due to some quarrelsome kings who had gone to war over some such slight or the other, and so famine and hardship for the people soon followed. If the goblin wasn't stopped before winter, the man would surely starve.

And so the clever fisherman devised a trap. Each month as the moon slimmed down to a sliver he suspended his finest weighted net from the larder ceiling with a cunning arrangement of knots and iron rings so that when the goblin stepped near the food stores the net would fall and quickly ensnare the mischievous creature. It didn't take long before the man was awakened one night by a terrible clamor and he rushed to find the goblin cleanly snatched up in the fisherman's snare.



Enslavement, by Battlegrave
Artwork by Clint Patzel

Aussie two-piece Battlegrave have enlisted the services of drummer Robin Stone for their third full length album which sees the band continue their penchant for blending thrash and death metal. Released on April 10th the record boasts 10 tracks of death tinged thrash that would certainly wet the appetite of those who like to shout “Slayer!” no matter who is on stage.

No Peace, by No/Mas
Artwork by Brian Sheehan

Roaring out of the USA, charged up and furious, grindcore four piece No/Mas release their new album on 13th March through Redefining Darkness. Crushing and vicious, this is a razor sharp blend of hardcore fury, throwing around some death metal weight that really has some something to say. The album is also releasing with a Fuck I.C.E vinyl variant which shows a band not afraid to stand behind their message.

Bone Folder, by Bone Folder
Photography by Chloe Rosser

Up next is something of a change of pace. The self titled release of UK drone/noise duo Bone Folder, out May 1st combines raw emotion and sonic intensity into a three act journey. Recorded in a series of single takes with no overdubs, this is a downright impressive musical exploration of time and space. Let it drift and wash over you as well as pull you under.

Eclipsed Realms, by Muerto
Artwork by Ricardo Gonzalez

There's something really satisfying about hearing new black metal that still has that raw emotion to go with the signature sound. Mexico's Muerto have a bleak slab of doom laden black metal that not only hits hard musically but also provides moments of pure, undiluted trauma that come through in Penelope Matamoros' vocals. Out April 17th on Transcending Obscurity this is one for those who like their black metal with some post metal flourishes.

1001 Other Albums

Or, The 1001 Albums John Mastodon Says You Must Hear Before You Die (Or Like, Don't, But Trust Them, The Albums Are All Actually Really Good)

(Originally published in December 2025 at 1001otheralbums.com.)

As part of our journey through the epic Fedi-sourced catalogue of must-hear albums, this spotlight is on number 185 on The List submitted by Haunted Owlbear.

I'm Canadian and a publishing/copy editor by trade, and yet I had no idea until encountering this album that there are two spellings of the second word in the band name: the single el'ed tranquility (i.e., what I previously thought was the only spelling) being the American spelling, the double el'ed tranquillity being the British/Canadian (i.e., correct, for me) spelling. But I digress.

Formed in 1989 and originally named Septic Broiler, Dark Tranquillity is considered to be one of the pioneering bands of the melodic death metal genre specifically, and of the Gothenburg metal scene in general, alongside (the recently departed Tomas Lindberg's) At The Gates and In Flames. Dark Traquillity's second LP, The Gallery (1995) is particularly seen as highly influential to the genre.

By the time we get to this album – their fifth – piano/keyboard and electronics as well as some clean vocals had already been added to their death metal sound. And this album is essentially exactly what it says on the box. It's dark and melancholic yet tranquil in its epic yet subtle approach, a mix that I find rather uplifting if not hopeful, creating a nice little metal haven to hide in for the remainder of this craptastic winter season. And the band is still going strong (albeit with only singer Mikael Stanne and keyboardist Martin Brändström remaining from Haven's lineup), having released their 13th LP Endtime Signals in 2024. So, if you enjoy what you hear here, you have a lot of darkly tranquil albums to disappear into for as long as you need.

The Prog Hole

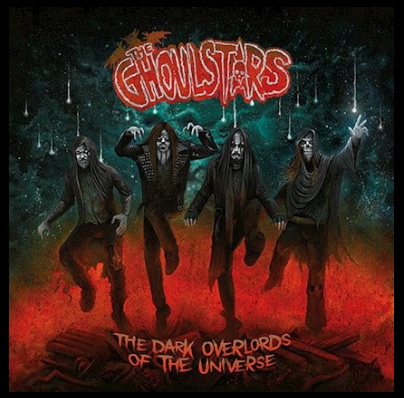
Siege by Mechina. Artwork by Ricky Lewis.

There are many ingredients that make up Mechina's unique brand of music. Progressive, industrial, symphonic and death metal are all blended together to deliver a fascinating story of fighting against tyranny and corruption. I first became hooked after hearing “Cryoshock” from the 2016 Progenitor album. Vocalist Melrose delivers an angelic performance, against some wicked heavy guitars. Since that time they have released a new album every 1-2 years, each one as breathtaking and heavy as the last.

I can start playing any of their albums and listen happily until the playlist runs out. But the album “Siege” hits me particularly hard. At least half of the tracks stand out as excellent. Give your ears a treat with this album. Regardless of what your favorite flavor of metal is, Mechina uses some of it. If you want more, chase it with the rest of Mechina's discography.

Favorite tracks: The Worst in Us, Siege, Claw at the Dirt, Blood Feud Erotica, Freedom Forgone

~ DXMacGuffin



The Dark Overlords Of The Universe, by The Ghoulstars
Cover Art by Niko Anttila

Metal and punk doesn’t have to be serious all the time, there’s still room for fun. Nobody needs to tell this to The Ghoulstars. Made up of members of Hooded Menace, Thermate and Kuolemanlaakso, this horror punk supergroup channel B movie horror into 10 catchy metal/punk tracks infused with film samples. This is a fun 34 minutes that’s definitely worth a spin.

Inexternal Dread, by Rivers Ablaze
Cover art taken from a painting by Saly Nemeth Laszlo

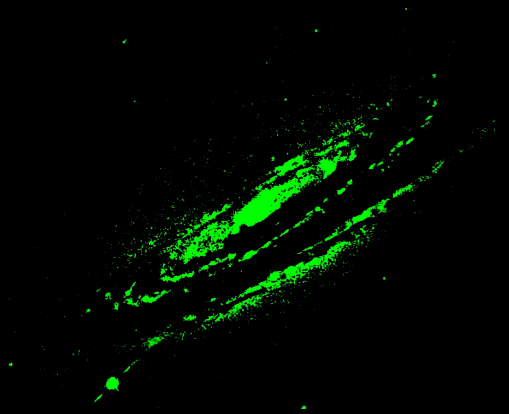
Last but not least for this edition is the new album by Hungarian five piece Rivers Ablaze. Released on 27th March, Inexternal Dread takes a progressive stroll through death, black and doom metal to provide an uncompromising and intense atmosphere. Though they may be on their fifth album, the band have found a real sweet spot melding extremity with more introspective passages.

Hails!

Ambivalena

Perplexed by the solemn tone, he replaced the receiver and walked the hall the few yards to Section 3. There was indeed a lever that was barely reachable from the walkway. He leaned over the railing and pushed it counterclockwise as instructed.

A flash of bright white light and a hole opened up in the ground below the machinery. The machinery started to collapse on itself, the walls too, and the walkway, shaking Frank violently from the post he'd served loyally for the majority of his adult life and sucked him down and in. The rest of the building joined him eventually. There was a cacophony of rumbling concrete, squealing metal and breaking glass for a very long time. Then nothing. Complete and absolute darkness. Silence. Stillness. The length of that silence and stillness could not be recorded because time itself did not exist. Finally, and suddenly a massive explosion, with fire at a billion kelvin forcing neutron to combine with proton. Helium nuclei. Expansion. Quantum fluctuation. Inflation. Gravitational pull. Billions of years. Ready. Ready. Ready.



All lights in the building went out and a red light came on over the Red phone at the end of the hall. He stood in shock for a moment before remembering his Navy training and started to walk quickly but without panic to recheck the meter. The needle was now shaking violently and hovering over the word “Ready” with an intense urgency that felt almost sentient.A klaxon sounded. He headed toward the red phone with the now blinking red light over it, urged to a light jog and into a run from the blaring klaxon. For the first time in his 20 year employ, he reached for the receiver of the red phone and put it to his ear. A burst of static from the earpiece, and then a long tone, followed a deep voice.

“M2720– Gauge reading and time?”

“Uh… The gauge reads ready. 01:00” Frank reported.

“Copy.”

The connection ended. He replaced the receiver. The klaxon halted its screaming and the lights came back to normal. He stood there winded and in a sort of shock. It had been a long time since his old body had moved that way.

The phone rang. He picked it up with a shaky hand but he managed to keep his voice steady.

“M2720- Section 3, lever counterclockwise. God love and keep you.”

And these ancient relics were intermixed with modern, shiny, newly installed parts with labels and signatures of the men who installed them.He was not tasked with diagnosing problems or physically altering or repairing broken parts. He was simply instructed to pick up the receiver of a red telephone at the far end of the hall and report the section number the machine needed repair in. Even though some parts were inexplicably aged, he never had to make a repair call. There was one gauge he was tasked with checking every half hour on the hour. It was an analogue gauge with a red needle that simply measured between 0 and “Ready.” For 20 years, through all its machinations and effort, the machine never budged from the black 0 on the left side of the gauge. The needle never even moved with the vibrations of the machine when it amped up to pull power every early morning around 3am. The same vibrations shook the walkway Frank used so much it set his teeth on edge. His patrol that night started like any other. He clocked in using a rusty punch card machine even though there were 3 locked doors he had to pass through from the street that required his thumb print on an electronic pad affixed to the door frame. After, he would set to walking up and back through the long building, surveying each section (12 in total) and noting the time on a security log. He checked the “Ready” meter and found it just as he had hundreds of times before, the red needle locked steadily on 0. He began to walk back to Section 1 when the machine started ramping up as it usually did far later in the evening.

Frank

By: Michelle Joy Gallagher Soffe

Frank patrolled the machine on the graveyard shift for close to 20 years. He preferred the solitude and the stillness of working alone. The old rusty pipes and the whirring gears were close enough to company for his liking. Every night was the same. He wandered the long hall and inspected the various ports for any sign of strain or stress. The machine was old, and he vaguely remembered something about it being owned by the electric company. He was technically a security guard but had been granted special clearance to patrol the machine alone because of his experience as an engineer in the Navy. In a lot of ways, the hallway and the mechanism itself reminded him of the battleship engine rooms he spent his youth laboring in. The thing was, being an engineer, he thought after a time the machine would make sense to him. There was a certain kind of poetry in machines and if you spent enough time around them, their purpose became clear even with no foreknowledge of it. This one, however, had escaped being identified for the entire duration of his career there. There were familiar aspects to it: Steam ports, pistons and pipes that felt very much like parts of a huge engine, but there were far more mysteries than familiarity. Some parts, hand forged out of iron, had been stamped with the dates they were created. 1897 had been the earliest.

4

5

My equipment and technique...

I often use in-camera multi exposures, sometimes slow shutter speed, ICM and zooming while photographing. I often use a Pentax KF with my favourite lens, a pentax 18-270 mm lens. I also use a Canon 80d with a 55-250 mm lens, and a couple of other lenses to both cameras.

My Inner Journey!

Photography is an emotional journey, an exploration of mind and a way to get to know and understand my inner self. Often a subconscious way to catch emotions and experiences, both old ones and present ones.

I am a woman from snowy dark winters and the bright sunny summers of the north, from the deep green forests and fairy tales of gnomes, trolls and fairies - Sweden. It was really a coincidence I started to photograph, but that was already over 15 years ago now. It soon turned into my language and today I don't think I could be without it.

My photos seldom represent the motif itself, often there is a deeper meaning beyond what you see. A way to express things without pointing it out. a way for me to process life, both traumas and all kinds of emotions. It is also a way to show the beauty of life, internal and external, this is why I do a lot of self-portraits.

But, I also love to photograph nature as I see it, so sometimes it becomes quite abstract. I am also a passionate hunter of the nordic light, the aurora borealis, during cold winter nights.

1 – Under the Surface

2 – I Like It Cold

3 – Reconnecting With Nature

4 – Feeling a bit Lost

5 – My Twin

6 – Love Yourself ?

First, in January, Jared's project Flittering released a new 9 track LP on his own Speed Ritual Records, entitled 'Usurped' that has that great, raw, dissonant, cavernous sound. Much of the guitar and riffage on this one really shines-- there's definitely almost this great skronky kind of feel to many of the guitar passages. As usual with Moran's projects, the utterly down-tuned, rough, rumbly group of odes to darkness of 'Usurped' almost effortlessly shine as they creep and crawl. And as always with any Plaguehammer projects, the tempo changes lend massive dynamics throughout, making it never a boring listen-- there's always some new riff or sound around the corner.

A week later in January, Jared's project Vertebrae Fetish Totem released new (also 9 track) LP 'Transmogrification' on label Centipede Abyss. 'Transmogrification' is again led by another chaotic barrage of fantastic, smashing drums. And this time, it's an even darker, deeper, more cavernous journey than Flittering's LP the week before-- it might even be slightly better and more diverse. The tracks of 'Transmogrification' are beyond heavy and crushing-- the whole record slithers and crawls, with shrieking guitar lines weaving and snaking throughout. And the cover art is epic-- it portrays a landscape with a fearsome, grotesque beast which was heavily inspired by Gustave Doré's 'L'Énigme'.

Basically, both of these records are essential blackened death listens front to back, and you'll likely want to listen to them again and add to your collection.

Flittering - 'Usurped':
https://speedritualrecords.bandcamp.com/album/flittering-usurped

Vertebrae Fetish Totem - 'Transmogrification':
https://centipedeabyss.bandcamp.com/album/transmogrification

Jake in the Desert

Usurped, by Flittering
Album artist unknown

Transmogrification
by Vertebrae Fetish Token
Art by Gustave Dore

From the swampy underbelly of Mississippi comes two slabs of weird, horror-laden sonic heaviness for 2026. Jared Moran, aka Plaguehammer, is the multi-instrumentalist and drummer behind both of these epic blackened death metal paeans, and his exquisite drumming is what glues together all of the rabid, manic, roaring passages contained herein. Some say Jared's projects are Immolation worship. Others hear Antediluvian, Archgoat, Beherit, Incantation, Teitanblood or Tetragrammacide. There is maybe some inspiration from those artists, but I hear even more.

Much of the secret of Moran's greatness is the bombastic drumming that's all over these records, which clearly lays a backbone to them. It's almost jazz in style, chaotic, and dissonant- with almost constant, murky twists and turns, with plenty of tempo changes. And then there's Jared's lower-than-low gravelly, guttural, malevolent roaring growled vocals beneath it all. The occasional guitar lead outburst really makes something special about these. And then there's the riffs. You can't forget the riffs.

Queensrÿche: Operation: Mindcrime

FFO Dream Theater, Fates Warning, Savatage

“I remember now. I remember how it started.”

Operation Mindcrime by Queensryche
Artwork by Reiner Design

It's 1988.

The Cold War, thank you so much, was still underway. Political scandals were not rare, but recurring events. Televangelists were building their empires. Corporate optimism decayed and the decade’s early neon colours were not as bright anymore.

Metal music was changing, too. Thrash mostly grew out its punk origins. Glam, while still looking for a hairspray, was trying to find its image in a faded mirror. The time was ripe for a concept album about manipulation, addiction, and weaponised ideology.

Queensrÿche had been circling these topics for years. The self-titled early EP and “The Warning” showed technical precision and a taste for dystopia and “Rage for Order” flirted with cold futurism and electronic textures.

Something Old

Would this album cheer you up and cure your early-year depression? Hell no, but what did you expect? Look at the title. Look at the cover. Don't wait for great guitar solos either, check the genre (OK, "Zeitenwende Teil II" is the mandatoryexception, duh).

What would it give you then? Well, the first songs may ease you into a comfortable torpor, giving you the false impression that this is just a faily well-produced everyday black metal album. Then you suddenly get acoustic guitars. An accordion. Cello. Violin. Acoustic passages bookended by bursts of anger and bile. Great riffs. It transforms, blossoms into a beautiful night-black butterfly.

"Was einst auf Erden war, was kommt, was wird, verschwindet.

Am End‘ von jener Nacht steht eine Zeit, die wendet."

January is also the month when we need to die a bit, so we can be reborn with vigour.

Your Future Ex

Something New

January, in terms of new music, is usually slow at best and a desolate wasteland at worst: not just the big guns, but lesser bands also tend to release new material at later months.

January is also cold and depressive; Yours Truly is a child of late spring, and the bleakness was taxing. The time of this writing marked the 33rd consecutive day without a single patch of clear sky and courtesy of the city, there was no pristine white snow left either; everything was reduced from monochrome to a uniform dull grey: the sky was grey, buildings were grey, people were grey. Black was a colour.

Enter Zerfall.

Zerfall by Allende. Artwork by L.G.

Zerfall by Ellende

FFO Der Weg einer Freiheit, Harakiri for the Sky, Heretoir

It is not just a "theme", it is a story of a junkie conditioned by a cult leader into an assassin who fell in love with a runaway girl turned street prostitute turned pusher nun with a death wish: revolution is marketed, violence is justified, identity erodes on schedule. The album moves like a well-run conspiracy - efficient, coordinated, and coherent. There are no fillers. It is subtle and restrained.

Because there is no indulgence one would associate with the Prog genre. No excessive solos, nothing derailing. No fluff theatricality, but discipline. It feels more narrated than sang. Even the hooks support the story, not interrupting it.

The context matters. Even if you are fortunate enough to not experience the Cold War mood, you can still feel its ever-present imprint. Distrust was already mainstream. Charismatic leaders who were exploiting grievance for personal power were not speculative fiction, but evening news. The album simply removed the cellophane wrapping.

What makes the album inconvenient is that it does not feel dated: outrage is manufactured, ideology is groomed, rebellion is commodified. Replace cassette tapes with algorithms and the machinery runs just as smoothly. The album does not scream that the system is broken; it just implies it is functioning exactly as designed. That lands differently when you no longer have to squint to see the parallels.

The album soon turns 40. Despite the oozing 1980s paranoia, it is an enduring piece, even if an uncomfortably observant one. It is also a great gateway drug for Progressive Metal, and not a particularly threatening one: the genre often mistakes length for depth, but the whole thing clocks just under an hour.

"I remember now."

Your Future Ex

Pacific Northwest

Medicinal PLANTS

Stinging Nettle

Early spring shoots
Rich in minerals
Supports reduction of inflammation
Balance and seasonal allergies

Oregon Grape

Antimicrobial and liver supporting herb
Yellow roots contain berberine

Citrine

Green Aventurine

Moonstone

Mullein

Spring rosette
A classic respiratory ally that supports deep, slow breathing

Skunk Cabbage

Early spring wetland plant
Historically used for respiratory congestion *toxic when raw

Labradorite

Early Spring

MAGICAL NIGHT garden

By Ali Gillespie

Yarrow

A traditional wound healing herb
Anti-inflammatory and protective

Opal

Rose Quartz

Wild Rose

Calming petals and vitamin rich hips
A gentle heart supporting plant

Red Clover

Mineral rich spring blossom
Traditionally used for hormonal balance and nourishment

Amethyst

Plantain

A skin healing ally
Used for bites, stings, and soothing irritated tissue

Smoky Quartz

Mid Spring